

Who You Were by ty_madison

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe, IT AU, Kisses, Kissing, M/M, Pining, Post-IT (2017)

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh's Aunt, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Patricia Blum Uris, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Patricia Blum Uris/St Stanley Uris

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-12-07

Updated: 2019-12-07

Packaged: 2019-12-16 20:16:07

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,090

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After they defeated It for the first time, people started leaving but they also started to forget. So they all found a way not too. But after this Richie also realised that he couldn't change the way he felt.

Starts off with them being kids, but only for one chapter. It's going through the years of the Losers, but with big time skips at points because honestly I am too lazy

Who You Were

Nothing felt as good as the water they were all laying in. It was freezing cold and only just a smidge cleaner than what they had spent their time wading through, but no all he could look at were his friends. The electric buzz between Beverly and Bill, that he knew would either last a lifetime or sizzle out as quick as it started. But with the way Ben was looking, no one could make him feel the way Bev did.

Which Richie completely understood. He was trying to keep his eyes to himself, not let them go soft as the passed over Eddie.

Watching as he smiled and poured water over his head scrubbing to get imaginary grime out of his hair, his face screwed up when he started scrubbing with his broken arm. Which made Richie swim as quick as he could towards him. The plaster was going to get soft and if he needed it replaced his mom would never let any of them see Eddie again.

When they all started following him out of the water and they just walked. He didn't know how long they walked but he looked at the kissing bridge while they did. It was the first time that they were all silent not asking where they were going, they all just seemed to know. It was odd when they all sat down, looking up at the sun as it began to set. His clothes felt almost dry, bar the squelch of his vans under his feet.

He didn't say much as Bill began to talk, because nothing really needed to be said. Even with bleeding palms and bitter memories, he made himself a promise. Feelings Eddie's hand in his, the warm slick slide of blood on their palms; and he knew that this hot headed brave boy was it for him. He had even come to know that if he hadn't known Eddie that he would only be attracted to men.

So he decided that until their senior prom night if he and Eddie hadn't done anything, had never kissed, he was going to kiss him. Knowing that he had this plan made his shoulders feel lighter, let him acknowledge that he had known exactly what he had been doing when he had carved their initials into that bridge. The E was done

lighter, because well he couldn't bring himself to make it official till it was.

Over the next few days Richie could honestly say it didn't feel right, like he was waiting for the other shoe to drop and for Pennywise to crawl up his showerdrain and drag him back down. Make him live through his greatest fear, which might have changed since his revelation and well what it did to him. It really really went after him so many times.

Waking up in the middle of the night sweating was beginning to confuse his parents, his sheets were soaked through and he was caring less about if he swore in front of his parents. No matter what the doctors tried nothing worked, he was becoming less of himself everyday and all he could think about was that one horrible time. And if he was being honest with himself he just need to accept that it wasn't real.

He had to get over the fact that Pennywise had known that secret that he had buried so far down he didn't even realise it was true.

He had been sat in the clubhouse, reading a comic alone. Just to escape his parents fighting, it wasn't a regular thing but when it happened he couldn't be there. Not when he felt like it was how he couldn't control how he acted had caused it. The creak of the door opening had his eyes darting up and he squinted a little to focus on who was coming down. He watched as red short covered legs descended down, listened to the groan of disgust and mild pain.

It was the look of shock when Eddie had turned round and saw him, there was a sheen of sweat rolling down his forehead and he was still panting. Richie didn't even need to ask what had happened, it was always Bowers and his car. He only shifted a little in the hammock and Eddie was crawling in with him.

Frowning, he looked back at his comic. Smiling as the Joker took a hit to the chin, he had been waiting over a month to finally be able to read this issue and it was as good as he expected.

"Richie?" It was soft and his eyes darted up, because Eddie never said his name like that. So he just stared. Waited to see what was coming

next. "Have you ever really kissed someone?" Somehow his voice got even quieter, a small amount of trepidation even. So he blinked. His eyes must be huge and he opened his mouth to say 'I've done a lot more, with your mom!'

But he let his jaw click shut.

Darting his eyes over Eddie he could almost see that he was scared to ask, scared to find out some information he wouldn't like. "No. I almost did but uh we were interrupted." He didn't want to think about the fact he almost kissed Bowers cousin behind the movie theatre, but a car had rushed past and they had sprung apart; with multiple slurs being hurled his way. Most to do with the fact his family was Jewish and some to do with the fact he had been about to kiss a boy.

The soft "Oh." had his eyes darting to focus completely on Eddie.

And he did something stupid he leaned over, sitting up his legs on either side of Eddie and touched his cheek; leaning in. He closed his eyes and went to press their lips together when something changed. Eddie's skin felt cold and wet under his hand. His eyes darted open and he looked, slack jawed. At Eddie's face, blue and rotten. The mouth opened and showed rows of sharp teeth, with a group of lights that seemed to call him to look at.

So he threw himself back. Off the hammock hitting the floor with a loud and very painful thump. The shaking was taking over his whole body as the dead Eddie moved towards him, his face slipping away to turn into Pennywise's. "Oh! Look! The little gay boy wants to kiss his best friend! Shame he won't kiss you back! Won't like you back!" Rihie couldn't even move from where he was frozen to the ground. It loomed over him, like It had grown bigger with each word. Limbs sprouting from everywhere; caging him in.

When that gaping maw opened and he saw the lights, he just let it happen. He almost wanted to be one of the missing kids. He didn't want to drag his family into this, have his best friend know that he was completely in love with him. But then he was just there laying on the floor. Knowing things that made no sense.

He had almost had his first kiss with a cannibalistic child murdering shape-shifting clown. It was enough to fuck him up, until he had to fight the thing and it was showing them all what they were scared of.

He started sleeping again, the nightmares were bad but he didn't wake up in pools of sweat or screaming. But it was almost Christmas break and Stan had had to leave to see his dying Grandmother and just stopped calling. It had just dwindled. And every call he seemed to forget things they had talked about until he just stopped calling.

The Losers would all phone, but his mom would always say it wasn't a good time. It didn't help that Beverly left around the same time and Bill was broken hearted when she started doing the same thing. Ben and Mike had tried to comfort him, and Richie had heard enough of the whole 'Beep beep Richie' to last his lifetime. But yet he couldn't understand why they would just stop calling after everything that had happened between them all.

But he was starting to figure it had to do with that fucking monstrosity of clown they had faught. It wasn't dead and they knew it would come back. For them. He was writing in a notebook his parents had bought him for no other reason but in hopes he would stop voicing his thoughts and write them down.

They had read that it helped kids like him. Made them quieter and easier to deal with. Which of course he understood, but he just couldn't stop himself from saying things.

He found he was the only one that kept calling right up until the day Stan left to come back home. It didn't make sense. Beverly still answered his calls, but he had stopped calling every other day. And hadn't called for over a week at one point because his family had decided that the calls were to expensive and if he wanted to call his 'girlfriend' he had to earn the money to do so.

So by the time he had when he phoned her aunt had said that Beverly was put with friends and she would let her know that Richard had called. Which he had tried to explain wasn't his name but she had hung up.

He kept calling until her aunt had said that Beverly didn't know

anyone with the names Richie or Richard and to stop calling.

And Richie felt that he had lost two of his best friends. One who he could tell anything too and the other who while seemed annoyed with how he acted, seemed to understand him. Both of them he felt he could tell about who he was as a person and they would simply smile and tell him they still loved him. And he knew the others would feel the same, but it was just different with them.

They were standing, Bill finally over Beverly and still playing down the fact that she had decided not to keep in touch, trying to blame it on her not wanting to be reminded of her feelings for him. Which had Richie ready to turn on him, when a familiar car pulled up.

And there was Stan.

Two months after he left, walking into school like he had never been there before. Jumping when people passed or he got shoved. They all frowned as they walked towards him, his eyes were blank like he had no clue who they were. Then it clicked the minute Richie walked up slung an arm around his shoulder, "Stan The Man! You trying to get rid of us! Won't fucking work! You are a mother fucking original in The Losers Club!"

The shocked mutter of "What the fuck." which got louder with each time he said it. Ben quickly slapped his hand over his mouth, which was promptly ripped off. "I forgot about all of you." he said, his eyes darting around. As if he had been brought of a trance.

Richie for once let his brain run rampant, trying to work out how their friend could possibly forget them. Once they were all sequestered in the club house, with Stan being slightly more touchy with them all. Constantly telling them he had to make sure they were really there because he had dreams about them but every time he had them they seemed to fade into just black outlines of people without names or even voices.

While Richie tended to avoid touching others, that stupid fucking clown had got it into his head that people would know if he touched other boys, he was a big old homo. But in the clubhouse he always found himself in the hammock with Eddie, to the point where the

others didn't even try to get in the thing.

It was starting to get to the time of year when Eddie would bring out his summer wardrobe, which was also the worst time of year for Richie. He would be sat in the hammock and his hand wouldn't graze material while he read his comic book but skin. Tacky from the heat. And even though it was coming up for a year since he realised that he loved Eddie he had also hoped he would get over it, but it just burned like a fire. Bright and hot and never dimming.

He had been sat in the lounge of his house, windows open wide and hot air making it only just more bearable; when he heard the sound of trucks. Sitting up and pushing his glasses up his nose, leaning over and turning off the tape he had been playing; he looked out.

Two trucks were at the house two doors down across the street.

He just sat at the window, letting the air blow his mess of curls back and cool toe sweat on his face. Boxes and furniture were pulled out and placed across the lawn. One truck left and the other stayed as a cream sedan pulled up. A woman with fiery hair stepped out, keys in her hand and walked up to the door. She swung it open and started talking to the men. Richie found his eyes catching on them, their arms and wide smiles. His breathing got a little faster.

It wasn't until a girl ran up the steps. His body went taut and he scrambled up. She was back. Beverly was right there. He could finally talk to her about everything, have someone who could know his secret and wouldn't think he was trying to confess feelings.

Knowing he should phone the others, didn't make him want to.

So he got up, pulled on his shoes and sprinted across the road. Tripping over his feet because of course he had a growth spurt in the past few months. Which had only pissed off Eddie and caused him to just look so much cuter. Which was just something Richie couldn't keep to himself. Constantly grabbing his face and saying it right to him, holding his eyes as he did. The other boys laughed obviously thinking it was a joke, but Richie meant it.

He skidded to a stop when Beverly was half way down the steps, on

her way to get a box and she frowned at him. It was nothing like when Stan had seen them and it had half clicked until they spoke. She saw a stranger looking up at her.

“I didn’t know you were coming back Bev.” He spoke, smiling like an idiot. “I’ll have to tell the rest of The Losers.” She walked slowly down each step, her eyebrows getting closer. Tucking hair behind her ears and biting at her lip. Tears started streaming down her face and she pressed up on her toes and wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

“It’s okay you know. Stan forgot us too.” He whispered, he heard the click of heels and a cough. Looking up he saw Beverly’s aunt, she was frowning at him and trying to work out who he was. Letting go of Beverly he turned and saw his own mother, obviously on her way to greet the new neighbours.

“Mom...this is Beverly.” He eyes lit up and she walked forward, brushed a hand over his hair trying to neaten it and walked over to Bev’s aunt.

“I don’t understand.” she whispers, clutching his hands.

“See the thing is we fought the big fucking clown, then you and Stan left. And from what I can figure it can make people forget. Because this must have happened when our parents were kids and they stayed.” Sighing he looked away.

She whispered, “Pennywise...” then he watched her hands twitch and grab at the pocket of her shorts. But her eyes darted to see her aunt, who was talking with his mom. “I...need to uh...”

“Mom! Can me and Bev go and get a shake at the diner? Just to catch up?” He darts his eyes to her aunt, “I can come back and help unpack! We won’t be more than half an hour.” He was playing up the good boy routine he used on his grandmother.

A quick nod and they were off, at the end of the street she pulled out Marlboro Reds and slipped one in her mouth. She offered one to Richie and he took one, her eyes narrowed as she helped him light it. And it tasted awful. “Fucking disgusting this shit.” But he took

another drag, mildly confused why he wasn't coughing like kids did on TV.

They sat and smoked another two cigarettes, all the while talking. Richie catching Bev up on everything that happened, from Mike getting asked out on a date and them all teasing him to hearing that Henry Bowers would be in a psych hospital till he died.

Looking down at the cigarette in his fingers, he licked his lips and flicked the ash. "Bev?" his voice was rough, she hummed and held his hand. "Bev I'm in love. And I don't think I will ever get over him." He heard her suck air in through her nose and start coughing violently on the smoke.

He waited rubbing circles into her back, "Eddie? Right?" she whispered, her hand cupping his face. Pulling their foreheads together, she smiled and it was like summer. Bright and warm. He just nodded, closing his eyes.

When she brushed their lips together, he didn't mind. Just kissed her back. It meant everything, his first kiss with someone that he could happily remember it with. They didn't say much while they walked, but he looked at her. Watched her and he got this feeling.

Gritting his teeth, "I saw how we kill it. But I saw all the ways it could fail and it only takes one little way to make sure we all live."

Her eyes are on him and she lets a watery smile cover her lips, "I know how we all die if we don't."

They stopped at the pharmacy on the way home, Beverly did what she did best. Stole them all the packets of Reds as she could while Richie did his, he talked and made Mr. Keene threaten to phone his mother if he didn't stop asking inappropriate questions. Which resulted in him buying a plastic bic lighter and twizzlers to get him not to.

Author's Note:

I don't know if I will keep this going. I am struggling to write more, I just don't know if this is any good.